

American Beauty

Bruce Springsteen

Everything in your shadow turns to vapour
You pierce my heart like it was paper
Radio's crackling with the headlines
Sun upon your shoulder, wind's in the phone line
American beauty will you be mine
Out on this highway counting white lines I remember last summer drifting through our eyes
We're in the high grass, my finger in your hemline
Boot heels click clacking, honey, when you shine
All them blue skies, ?
American beauty wherever you'd sigh
Out on this highway counting white lines Your hand cups your breast pledging your time
The things we carried, shining skylines
Falling sparrow, sky torn apart
Dark shining arrow, your kiss pierces my heart
American beauty forever mine
Out on this highway counting white lines

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